

TROPICO INTER-URBAN SENTINEL

Devoted to the Interests of Tropic and the San Fernando Valley

VOL. I.

TROPICO, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1911

NO. 16

TRUSTEES MEETING

Board met Thursday, June 1, at city hall. Officers and members all present.

An ordinance establishing grade of Park avenue from the western line of Glendale avenue to easterly line of Southern Pacific Rigat of Way; and

Ordinance establishing grade of Cypress street, from westerly line of Glendale avenue to easterly line of San Fernando road, read a first time.

City Engineer reported incompleteness of plat and description of property to constitute an assessment district for opening Brand boulevard between Cypress street and Tropic avenue.

Resolution No. 6, changing name of Repesia and Heide courts to Cypress street adopted.

City Recorder, City Clerk and City Treasurer granted further time to file reports.

City Clerk instructed to request S. P. Railroad Co. to install danger signal at Tropic avenue crossing, and to repair crossing as soon as practicable.

RECORDERS COURT

The following report of the official acts of the City Recorder for the month of May, 1911, was received and read:

VIOLATIONS OF SPEED ORDINANCE.

May 13

Lawrence Burke.....\$ 7.50

J. R. Rolland.....15.00

May 14

J. J. Germely.....3.00

E. A. Whitten.....10.00

M. H. Ross.....6.00

D. Thomas.....10.00

May 15

C. S. Chandler.....10.00

J. H. Gleason.....8.00

J. P. Cocksford.....5.00

J. M. Weight.....10.00

C. E. Shattuck.....10.00

May 16

S. S. Anderson.....10.00

J. Duncan.....8.00

May 17

H. G. Simpson.....10.00

May 18

F. Snook.....5.00

F. H. Packard.....5.00

O. Shandler.....5.00

S. E. Whitwell.....5.00

W. H. Goodrich.....10.00

W. A. Dontanville.....10.00

May 20

P. S. Baker.....10.00

Samuel Pearson.....10.00

May 21

F. A. Barnes.....7.50

J. W. Hum.....10.00

J. M. Harper.....10.00

May 23

C. F. Bente.....10.00

May 24

R. S. Masson.....10.00

J. S. Ward.....10.00

May 25

Wm. A. Acker.....5.00

C. H. Williamson.....5.00

May 27

J. C. Egbert.....10.00

C. H. Jones.....10.00

Carl Clappitt.....10.00

May 28

E. F. Bogardus.....10.00

J. T. Altonraus.....10.00

May 30

F. C. Epperson.....10.00

H. Franklin.....15.00

B. H. Tuttle.....10.00

A total of fines in 38 cases of \$335.00

all for violation of city ordinance regulating speed of automobiles, etc.

Six cases still pending.

EULALIA STREET

The location of this street gives to it an importance second to none other in the city. It is an east and west street, having Glendale avenue for its eastern terminus, and its western terminus the San Fernando road, opposite the post office. Crossing the San Fernando road it opens into the street, leading direct to the Southern Pacific depot, named Center street in Richardson first subdivision, and is really the westerly extension of Eulalia street to the Southern Pacific depot, and should have the name of Eulalia street of which it is a part.

There should be a crossing constructed at the intersection of Eulalia street with Brand boulevard, and a stop of electric cars made there for the public convenience, in the matter of accessibility to the post office for the delivery to and fro of the mails, as well as direct communication with the Southern Pacific depot. Indeed, a handsome depot on Brand at Eulalia would not be out of place.

WANTED—A room on the ground

floor in the business section of Tropic, on either side of the San Fernando road, suitable for printing office. Address, Sentinel Office.

OPENING PARK AVENUE

The west end of Park avenue, Tropic, is in Los Angeles. If property owners and people living on that end of the street west of the Southern Pacific railway want the streets opened into Griffith park, it is up to them to petition the City Council for it. Miles S. Gregory, who represents the north end of the city, which includes Griffith park and all adjacent territory to the east of it as far as the Southern Pacific right of way, is now in Chicago. The petition for the proposed street opening should be ready for him as soon as he returns.

The Goodwin people, who own the Linda Vista Tract No. 2, embracing about forty acres on the north side of Park avenue, just inside of Los Angeles city limits and which they are beginning to sell off, will heartily co-operate in the proposed opening.

An ordinance establishing the grade of Park avenue from western line of Glendale avenue to Southern Pacific railroad will pass the Tropic Board of Trustees at its next meeting.

Abutting property owners will no doubt proceed to work of grading, curbing and paving without delay.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Frank Ira Marsh wishes to express her sincere heartfelt thanks to all the kind friends who gave her aid and sympathy in the dark hour of her bereavement.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

You are invited to attend the regular meeting of the

Chamber of Commerce

Tuesday night, June 13th, 8 p.m. Several committees to report and many matters of interest will be discussed.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

A meeting will be held in the Chamber of Commerce room Friday night, June 9th, to take steps to organize a Knight of Pythias Lodge for Tropic. You are invited to attend.

COMMITTEE.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT

As the result of a head on collision with a swift-speeding automobile, Jimmie Moore of Griffith park will be laid up, in a seriously crippled condition, for a number of weeks. He was on his way from his home in the park to Tropic, mounted on his motorcycle. Near the junction of the Griffith park road and the Los Feliz Pass road, an automobile speeding towards him was steered by the driver onto the side of the road Moore was approaching on. In an instant he was struck, hurled into the air and landed on the embankment. His left foot was crushed, knee contused and right arm and shoulder badly bruised. His machine was smashed to flinders. Between rattlesnakes and speeding automobiles Jimmie does not know which is worst. The car that struck him passed on unheeding. Another car came along and picked him up, bringing him on to Tropic, where he received surgical attention and was returned to his home.

How is your speedometer?

J. S. Gillispie of Glassell park reports booming times down in that section.

The dog that bit little Sadie Snell a few afternoons since, has been chloroformed and put out of business.

Ordered your spring suit? Samples of finest and best material on exhibition at Glendale Dye Works, agents of Globe Tailoring Company, who guarantee satisfaction. They have the best.

Mrs. Kent was the victim of an unintentional violation of the speed ordinance last Saturday. Her horse, frightened at a gas-testing machine, ran away. In the course of the animal's flight with the buggy and Mrs. Kent in it through all sorts of rough places, Mrs. Kent's head came in contact with a limb of a tree causing an ugly cut, requiring three stitches to be taken in sewing it up. The speeder was caught at the foot of Park by Davis and Oberdeck at the brink of a steep bank.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. G. A. Boynton, of East Los Angeles, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. R. Maxwell.

N. D. Burlingham, of West Glendale, is suffering seriously from carcinoma on the side of his head and face.

John A. Logan concluded to postpone his automobile trip to San Francisco till after "pay-day," much to the gratification of a number.

Rev. C. B. Hatch is on his way home from Atlantic City. He will occupy his pulpit as pastor of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next.

Ben Elfin and family, have taken possession of their new home in the quaint and charming chalet on El Bonito street in the Richardson tract.

Burt Richardson is looking after most of the building being done on the Richardson tract. Mr. Giddings is at the head of his gang of carpenters and laborers.

Pete Gabaig is busy hauling in his hay. Short crop and long prices. The middle man has no show on his job. He sells direct to consumer. So he and every one else are happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Stanley, of Los Angeles, made a brief call on their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burch, of Cerritos avenue, Sunday—exceeding the speed limit in their stay.

Chas. F. Story and wife had a happy day off Saturday visiting at their old San Dimas home, Sunday. The family enjoyed a pleasant visit from Mr. Story's mother and brother, who reside at Orange.

Mrs. John H. Seaman of Central avenue, has gone for a visit to her father and relatives in Chicago, the length of which will depend largely upon her ability to endure Chicago weather, just now something fierce.

Mrs. Martha Pollock of Palmer avenue, mother of Dr. S. Pollock, of Park, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dick Hunter of Los Angeles. The old lady is quite lame and while with her daughter will try the eucalyptus bath cure.

Earl and Bessie Burch, of Las Vegas, N. M., are returning from Atlantic City General Assembly. At last accounts they were in Washington, D. C. They also were at Arlington Decoration Day, and heard President Taft's address.

Al. Shelley of Sunland, reports great improvements and wonderful progress on the Big Tejuanga. Al. is helping them along hauling lumber from Los Angeles. Says lumber is cheaper that way than by shipment by rail on so short a haul.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Ayers were heard from last from the 500-foot level of Washington monument, on the mall south of White House, Washington, D. C. Their Decoration Day was at Arlington National Cemetery. Where they haven't been and where they are not going would be easy to tell.

Rev. Theo. Hopping, the young minister who substituted for Rev. Hatch, in the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in the latter's absence at General Assembly, gave the congregation three most able and helpful sermons. He made himself a warm favorite of the Presbyterian community of Tropic.

City Clerk Stuart M. Street is doing street work now, with the assessment book under his arm, and a nice little speech at his command. He is greeted everywhere with smiles and cheers; no scowls, no tears. Fact is, he is just irresistible. Only a little leg-weary when "night spreads her sable mantle o'er the earth and pins it with a star." Sleepy? Not a bit. Everybody is so glad to see him.

Miss Emily Hatch is a "shut in" for the present. With a party of her classmates of the 7th and 8th grade of the grammar school she was participating in the joys of a country hayride. Seated on the edge of the hay-rack, her foot was caught between the trunk of a tree and the edge of the rack, bruising it considerably. The boys of the class giving the girls the treat, are heart-broken over the accident.

LOCAL NOTES.

FOR SALE—Lot 50x150, Richardson Tract. Apply to Sentinel Real Estate Office, Tropic.

WANTED—Dressmaking at home or by the day, \$2. MRS. C. E. TAYLOR, 1165 Park avenue, Tropic.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework, \$25 per month. Mrs. Charles Peckham, Walnut St., Tropic.

Everybody reads the Sentinel. It gets into every home and reaches every business man and housewife.

ROOMS FOR RENT—Furnished, bath and light. 1421 Cypress, West San Fernando Road. MRS. BAIRD.

Fresh cutting of alfalfa hay ready for delivery. Price right. Order now. Bernard Cook, Phone Glendale 278J.

Wanted—Girls at the factory of the Los Angeles Basket Company. Phone Sunset Glendale 140-R. Home, Glendale 434.

WANTED—Position as deliveryman anywhere in Los Angeles city and county. Address Box 4, Sentinel office, Tropic, Cal.

FOR SALE—Six-room bungalow, Richardson Tract; bath, gas and electric light. Lot 50x150. Apply to Sentinel Real Estate Office, Tropic.

Dirt commenced to fly on the Burbank extension of the Pacific Electric railroad, and the race is on for its completion by the Fourth. The speed limit is not in force on that line.

We hear of offers from two or three sources to put a row of business rooms, suitable for shops and stalls, about 20 by 40, in Tropic's business section.

"Ironing made easy." The gas flat-irons sold by the Tropic Stove & Light Co. have no equal. Can be attached to any gas fixture or gas stove. Complete with hose and heavy asbestos pad, \$3.

The Lordsburg lodge of the I. O. G. T., is to be presented with a banner by the District Lodge of the order this Thursday evening, and Robert Taylor, of Tropic, is to make the presentation.

The floral department of the Glendale Dye Works, is a marvel of perfection. They make a specialty of floral designs. Prompt attention, prompt delivery on short notice. You should see their display.

Birdseye view of Tropic and vicinity, in Sentinel Supplement, half-tone engraving, furnished subscribers on application. Send it "back East" and show your friends where you are and where to come.

Let the public know what you have to sell. Your advertisement in the Sentinel will reach more people for less money than in any other advertising medium. For rates call up Glendale 24, party R.

Quite a lot of Civil and Spanish war pensioners assembled at the Sentinel office, on Monday the 5th to have their vouchers prepared by Notary Burch. Among them the veteran John Hodson, who is quite feeble.

Glassell Park Improvement Association held an enthusiastic meeting at Mrs. Kenyon's last Tuesday evening. A proposition was adopted to vote bonds to enlarge the public school building. The meeting adjourned to the 15th.

FOR SALE—Six-room dwelling on Tropic avenue. Plastered, bath and gas; built in effects. Lot 50x176. Orange, lemon, grapefruit, loquat, fig, peach, apricot and blackberries, with good kitchen garden. Price \$2500. Terms, or will trade for good clear lot in part payment. Apply Sentinel Real Estate Office.

Guy F. Maxwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Maxwell, arrived home from San Francisco, via San Pedro on the steamship Yale, last Tuesday. In his absence of about nine months Mr. Maxwell has been in Sierra County, Cal., at Omega Mine for Oak Mining Company, demonstrating the commercial success of a new gold-saving machine.

Tropico Mercantile Co. Groceries

Dry Goods, Notions and Shoes

MEDOW GOLD BUTTER

A high grade Eastern Creamery Butter—Per pound 25c.; 2 lbs for 45c

Maple Grove and Santa Ana, the very best of local creamery, 30c. per lb.

We are receiving daily fresh Fruit and Vegetables—of the very finest kind—Strawberries, Raspberries, Apricots, Oranges, Bananas and Grape Fruit; String Beans, Peas, Squash, Turnips, Carrots, Beets, Cabbage, Lettuce, Asparagus and New Spuds.

Order for Saturday

Bradford's Coffee Cake.....10c
Bradford's Whole Wheat Bread.....10c
Bradford's Lemon Cake.....10c

Bank of Tropic

Paid up Capital \$25,000

OFFICERS

President.....DAN CAMPBELL
Vice-President.....B. W. RICHARDSON
Cashier.....JOHN A. LOGAN

DIRECTORS

DAN CAMPBELL.....B. W. RICHARDSON
NORTON C. WELLS.....ANDY STEPHENSON
W. H. BULLIS

OPENED FOR BUSINESS

September 12, 1910 with Deposits.....\$5,000
Deposits February 23, 1911.....\$67,000

Tropico Market

ANDY STEPHENSON, Prop.

Fresh and Salt Meats

MEAT THE VERY BEST

PRICES LOW AS ANY IN THE VALLEY

SUNSET 291

HOME 523

TROPICO, CAL.



FOR CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS

and throat troubles we have every aid and remedy. Atomizers of all kinds, inhalers, syringes, etc., as well as every recognized remedy of value. If you are at all troubled in this way take care of it at once and it will save you much expense and trouble later on.

Story's Pharmacy, Tropic

THE MAN WHO WON.

"No rest for the wicked, Ned!" said Bob Randon to his friend and fellow adventurer, who had come with him out to Goldfield, Nev., in search of a fortune. "The hotel is full and the boarding houses are packed. Why, they stow away thirteen in a bed down at Burn's, that rickety looking frame house you see over there."

"Well, I, for one, am not fond of amalgamation. Haven't we got a tent stowed away somewhere which we intended to use when hunting?"

"Sure, we have; a good idea. Let us find a decent spot and set up housekeeping for ourselves. We will probably be a good sight more comfortable than most of the poor devils here."

"Can you cook?" asked Ned, doubtfully.

"Of course I can. Why, there's nothing easier to learn than the culinary art," answered Bob, cheerfully.

In this way Bachelors' Hall was founded in Goldfield, Nev., in those first days when the fever for fortunes raged among many men. They took in five other fellows.

There were very few women in Goldfield in those days, and it is not to be wondered at that the seven all fell desperately in love with one and the same girl, Vivian Marshall. She was more than a beauty so the devotion of the seven was not surprising.

Her admirers were first Ned Horton and Bob Randon, both first rate fellows with more than their share of good looks and good spirits to boot; Courcy Gordon, a dark haired Southerner the very opposite of lean, lank light haired Alfred North, a New Englander with a great many isms in his head, among which was a firm belief in the force of nature of true marriages. He rested contentedly in the thought that Vivian was his affinity and could not fail to perceive it if he gave her sufficient opportunity to study his character. So he visited her frequently and always came away in a self-satisfied mood. Then there was Stephen Marks, and he was very confident also, resting his claims on the fact that he had brought his automobile out to Goldfield, which gave him an enviable position in the society of that place. Stephen would ask Vivian out in his machine and she would smilingly consent, unless prevented by some previous engagement. He felt so sure of her that he looked with supreme contempt on the pretensions of the others, scarcely deigning to consider them as rivals. There was Games Lee, who had been a lawyer from Boston before he came a gold digger in Nevada and Vivian's charm for him was the attraction of opposites. He was quiet, she gave, their dispositions and tastes being as far apart as the poles. He was fair, she dark, a rosy cheeked brunette. He loved books as his dearest friends, was undemonstrative in affections governed always by principle, ambitious, persevering and decided. She, impulsive, enthusiastic, good natured, and yet with a will of her own capable of asserting its rights if once aroused. Lastly, and hardly worth mentioning, was Thomas Jenkins, a conceited little puppy, with neither character, good looks nor wealth to recommend him. And these were all on Vivian's list of admirers when the tent camped. They did not fall in gallantry, even during the erection of the new building, the progress of which was eagerly watched by their feminine friends, who determined to christen the new home. At length it was finished and the bachelors were seated around a huge fire, when a knock came at the door.

"Come in," sang out seven voices, and in came the women with the same number of men following, armed and equipped with large baskets, in which were all sorts of good things.

And then they gave the boys a house-warming which would have done credit to any community. Vivian Marshall presided over the festivities with a good deal of grace, despite the fact that she must have known that seven pairs of eyes follow her every movement. Stephen Blake took care to be at her side when supper was announced, though Courcy Gordon almost annihilated him with a look. Ned, Bob and Jenkins put on white aprons and played the part of waiters, while James Lee contented himself with helping the other ladies. The party soon afterward came to an end, and as soon as the guests departed Bob Randon mounted a stick of wood and addressed the assembled family as follows:

"Gentlemen, the time for action has arrived. Suspense is no longer bearable. Bachelor's Hall will be laid in ashes by the fires of jealousy. We are slumbering on a magazine ready at any moment to explode. I cannot go to bed until some method is devised to avert this danger."

"Well, what shall be done?" said Jenkins, bringing Bob down from the clouds rather suddenly.

"What I have to propose is this: We shall all propose to the young lady in question during the following week, meeting again one week from tonight to report success or failure. Are we all agreed?"

Six "Ayes!" responded, and the self-constituted president declared the assembly adjourned for one week.

Each bachelor kept his own counsel, though the house was hardly as jolly as usual. When the seven days were over the seven bachelors assembled to report progress.

"The meeting will please come to order," said the president, and to set an example of promptness and honesty, he stated his case as follows:—"I will just say that your worthy presiding officer has been rejected. Said she was sorry for me, but she was engaged. I couldn't get my courage up till last night. Who's the lucky man, fellows. Was it you Jenkins?"

"Not I, I wrote out a most beautiful speech, which I forgot at the important moment of delivery."

"And consequently failed to reach her heart," said Ned. "So did I, though I asked her in plain English to share any humble fortunes. I presume she thought there was but one share."

"She doesn't care for that," said Stephen. "I offered her my entire mine, which is worth a good deal of money, as you all know, and she turned me down. I wouldn't have thought it possible any young lady could be so foolish. She is certainly out of her mind."

"She doesn't see things in a clear, spiritual light," said Alfred. "However, she'll be mine in eternity."

"Very poor consolation for a live one. Perhaps she did not want any of us. It is well we saved bloodshed and broken bones, and went at the matter in peaceful, twentieth century style," remarked the president. "Come, Lee; out with your report."

"Well, I asked her to marry me, and she said there he paused long enough to call forth half a dozen curious 'What's?'—she said yes."

"Good Lord! You don't say so," burst forth the other bachelors, with the exception of Gordon, who sat in reserved silence for a time, and then quietly said:—"I believe you are the only one I would congratulate."

"And I! And I!" said several others.

"We all acknowledge your superiority."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Lee; "it is entirely undeserved."

Exclamations of wonder and surprise were numerous when Vivian's voice was made known. I only wondered if she was worthy of him.

Time has proved the wisdom of Vivian's choice. They have prospered in this world's goods, and James Lee no longer treads the paths of adversity—not seeking fame. Fame came to him and found him worthy of her highest honors.

HALEY COMET SEEN AGAIN

Lowell Observatory Savants Get Series of Photographs at Great Distance

FLAGSTAFF (Ariz.), June 5.—Haley's comet was observed at Lowell observatory on May 31st, probably for the last time until its next swing toward the earth, as moonlight now interferes. It was photographed here by C. O. Lampland and E. C. Slipher nearly every night for two weeks just ended. The comet is now beyond the orbit of Jupiter and farther from the earth than noted in any previous observation.

SUE FOR FAMILY SKELETON

This One Has Been Treasure in the Closet for Years

PARIS, June 5.—The heirs of a family named Fleuret, living near Remiremont, are fighting a curious case over a skeleton which has been for many years a treasure in the family. The skeleton belonged to a lancer of abnormal height, who sold his body to the Fleuret family.

Subscribe for the Tropico Inter-urban Sentinel.

PATRONIZE

The Home Merchants

The perplexing task of convincing people to realize the benefits of trading with their local merchants, says Hudson's Magazine, is about the most herculean task that the small towns of the country have to contend with. Money is just as well invested in the small town as in the big one, as far as getting full value is concerned, and we must not fail to remember that when we leave it here it is only taken out of one pocket and put into another pocket, while when we spend it in a metropolis we never see it again.

There it goes to put more gasoline in the millionaire's automobile and to buy his more luxurious cars, to build up his city, to make it clean, to further beautify its parks, and recreation grounds and to enrich and make more prosperous their already prosperous citizens and merchants, while we small town people sit here and wonder why we are not able to cope with cities in mercantile projects.

Most of us have no faith in our respective towns. If a thing purchased at home is unsatisfactory in any respect a person never hears the end of it; but on the other hand, if the same article had been purchased in a big city any amount of excuses would be on hand to defend it, and it would probably never be changed. When you buy a thing at home and it's satisfactory, give it a good word, for by so doing you are helping yourself. If, on the other hand, the article in question does not come up to your standard of perfection, tell the merchant you bought it from—don't tell your neighbors.

The community, in order to enrich itself and prosper, must consider itself one large family of which we are all members, and as members of this family the grocer should not misrepresent his wares to his brother, the clerk, nor should the clerk regard it as a good point to defer payment of his bills to the grocer as long as possible. And remember, always keep the money in the family.

This is not preaching nor advocating socialism, for socialism does not solve the problem that confronts us, but it is advocating most strongly and emphatically the community to believe in home trade. We cannot help others if we are helpless ourselves. "Self-preservation is nature's law." Therefore it behooves us to stand together and (if we are merchants) instead of telling a person that we don't believe a certain commodity can be obtained in this town, just because we happen to be out of it, tell the customer that we know who has it and name a local merchant. Don't send your party to the big city, for that's where the matter will end if you hesitate, and the probabilities are that that much custom is lost to you.

It stands to reason that in order to sell reliable goods reasonably the expense account must be curtailed as much as possible. This is done in the small town. Rents and general expenses are less, and the result is that the buyer reaps the benefit of it. People are gradually becoming educated to the science of skillful buying and expect more for their money now than they ever have before. In this they are justified to a certain extent, but we should not forget the proverb, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." "Live an' diet live" is the motto for merchants to adopt if they wish to thrive largely on each other's custom, and when we spend money with J. Brown we expect with reason that J. Brown should spend his money with us whenever possible.

Here is the essence of home trade. We would all feel offended at said Brown if he took our money and refused to spend his with us. But we are all Browns if we but out of the home market.—San Pedro News.

EXECUTING A MURDERER

In West Africa—Hanging Rehearsed

"In some—I think I am right in saying in all—the West African colonies there is no official hangman, and when there has to be an execution his gruesome duties devolve upon the district officer of the district where the crime was committed. Certainly it is so in the Cotton Coast Colony," says a writer in "Blackwood's."

"I had been district officer at Akia, the headquarters of a very newly opened part of that colony, for some ten months, so my year's tour of service was nearly over, and in West Africa that means that neither health nor nerves are up to much. The official population of Akia consisted of an assistant district officer, Treherne by name; a doctor, Robertson, and myself.

"Year after year, now in one part of the colony, now in another, at irregularly regular intervals home on leave, I had been hammering away at my job. I had hammered roads through the forest; hammered some gentlemen who once tried to eat me; hammered, too, a little elementary common sense into the curly heads of the rising generation. I had married some people, buried more, imprisoned still more,

imprisoned still more, built rest houses, examined in government schools, organized sports in far away villages, and generally tried to do my share in raising the fabric of empire. But till now—curiously enough, for murder is rife on the cotton coast—none of my multitudinous duties had included a hanging.

"For many months there had been frequent cases of child stealing in and near a place called Ugu. Undoubtedly a gang of child thieves was at work, who only too probably hurried their poor little victims up to the far off borders of the colony whither law and order had not yet penetrated, and there sold them—or rather the survivors—to nomadic traders.

A Double Murder

"One night in March a family, consisting of a father, mother, a little girl nine years old and another of about six, shut themselves as usual into their mud walled, palm leaf roof hut and went to sleep, the mother and the elder child on one mat, the father and the younger on another. A small native lamp—an iron pan holding a little wick afloat on palm oil—hung from the rafters. Somewhere about 3 o'clock in the morning a tornado came on. In the midst of it the door was pushed open—it appeared subsequently that the fibre woven hinges had been cut through—and a man crept into the room. By the light of the lamp he seized the smaller child and handed it to an accomplice outside. The child whimpered. The father leaped up with a yell and rushed out after it. Simultaneously the thief ran to the other mat and tried to seize the elder child. In an instant he must have realized his mistake. Roughly pushing the terror-stricken little wretch behind a pile of mats that stood in a corner of the room, the woman—all her maternal instincts roused—flew at him like a tigress. She clutched him round the waist and loudly shrieked for help.

"It was a lurid story of this scene that the child subsequently narrated to the court; the screams of the mad-dened woman—the man had drawn his machete and was slashing at her weakening arms—the curses of the baffled brute himself and the moans of the dying on the threshold, for he had been struck down by the unseen accomplice outside. At last the poor woman was forced down on to her knees, and, weak from loss of blood, released her hold. The man made a movement to escape, but with a last effort she flung herself upon him and seized him with her teeth just above the knee. With a howl of pain he struck at her again and again, till she fell back on to the floor dead, and out he rushed.

"But he was subsequently identified by the child and was arrested, and that was how he came into my hands to be executed according to the law of the white man.

"Immediately I received the warrant I set about the preliminary arrangements. They consisted mainly in digging a large hole in the ground, in concocting a trap door that would open when—and only when—wanted to do so, and in fixing the two necessary side posts and crossbeam.

Rehearsing the Hanging

"My native inspector of police had had similar experiences previously, and the station carpenter happened to be a man of some sense and ingenuity. They worked with a will—for your West African negro loves nothing so much as death in its crudest forms, except perhaps marriage—in its crudest form. All promised well. We had two or three rehearsals with weighted sacks, and save that every piece of rope in the place was found to be old and useless, nothing untoward occurred. I substituted a length of telegraph wire for the rope, and rehearsed again. There was no earthly reason to anticipate failure, but the possibility of it haunted me and played on my battered nerves.

"All that day and the next I was obsessed with old and half-forgotten coast stories of other hangings. It was always something so inappropriate as to be funny that seemed to have taken place at them, and I hoped most desperately that I shouldn't be reduced to laughter at the critical moment. One district officer told me of a man in a non-English coast colony with the rope round his neck being sent up a tree and told to jump. When he not unnaturally hesitated—"If you don't jump," was shouted to him in fluent non-English, "I'll pull you down and have you flogged." And the man jumped.

"Another was told me by my immediate predecessor, Sterrard. A French Roman Catholic father who had attended the condemned man since his sentence, mounted the scaffold with him. Sterrard, completely unnerved at the last, went behind a tree, and said to the head warder: "When I drop my head pull the lever." He dropped his head, and there was a crash and a squeal. The French father also had disappeared into the earth, but was promptly hauled out, horribly frightened, but otherwise unhurt. All night long these and similar stories haunted me.

"I had a wretched night, and was

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up and dressed at the first streak of dawn. Everything was in order. I saw the condemned man. A padre was already with him. He was quiet, apparently callous, but he looked most horribly alive. His eyes gleamed with unnatural intensity, and every muscle of his magnificent physique seemed strained and tense. I asked if he wanted anything, and he curtly demanded something to drink. There was still no sign of the doctor, under whose advice alone I was allowed to supply him with alcohol, but I disregarded that point and regarded that point and promised to send him what he wanted. I went back to my quarters and swallowed some food. Then I called my boy and ordered him to take a bottle of whiskey down to the prison at once. I had none, it appeared, so I told him to borrow one from Treherne, who was ill in bed with fever, and to take it down instead.

The Doctor Arrives

"It was by this time just about 7 o'clock, so I returned to the prison, every nerve tingling and strung up to the highest pitch, expecting there to meet the doctor. He had overslept, it seemed, and for twenty awful minutes we waited there for him. Then he appeared in pajamas.

"The rest was soon over. The prisoner walked to the scaffold, accompanied by the French father, who was careful this time not to disappear. There was a bank and a quivering wire, and murder most foul was expiated. It was the point up to which I had been nerving myself for days, and anything afterward seemed anti-climax. And yet there was another sickening wait, and then the horrible dangling thing had to be hauled up and a formal inquest held thereon. At last even that was over.

"It was nearly dark before I returned to my quarters. Treherne was awaiting me there. Just as I approached the veranda I heard this boy and one of mine having an altercation in pigeon English—the only mutual tongue they knew.

"Ha! Whazzamatta your waster no send them whiskey my master done trust him morning time?" said he.

(Why has your master not returned the whiskey he borrowed from mine this morning?)

"You lie! My master no lend no

whiskey to your master this day," retorted mine, who happened not to be the one aware of the transaction.

(I thing you are making a mistake. Surely my master has borrowed no whiskey from yours to-day, has he?)

"I no lie. He done lend 'em, and then he go dash 'em for him friend—them one he hang morning time."

(No, I am not. He borrowed some which he gave to his friend—the one he hanged this morning.)

"Him friend! Them one he hang morning time! Ugh!"

"Treherne and I both overheard the remark, and he greeted me with a shout of merriment. Laughter is horribly infectious, and one a note of light-hearted chatter ended the day of my first execution."

GERMAN WORKMEN'S INSURANCE

The following figures showing the working of the German workmen's insurance law in 1909 are of interest. Of a total population of 63,879,000 people, 9,928,478 males and 3,456,812 females were insured against the consequences of illness. They were insured in 23,449 insurance offices in all parts of the empire. Against accident were insured 14,854,000 males and 8,913,000 females. Against complete invalidity or inability to work, were insured 10,707,100 males and 4,737,200 females. There were 5,540,825 cases of illness dealt with, 1,021,168 cases of accident and 115,264 fresh pensions for invalidity in addition to the existing 983,354 pensions. Old age pensions numbered in all 130,643. The income from insurance was 891,598,800 marks (four marks equal roughly \$1), of which 413,497,700 marks were contributed by the employers and 342,076,300 by the workmen. The imperial contribution was 51,500,700 marks. The total expenditure was 598,924,200 marks.—New York Sun.

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THE MONEY

CHANGES MADE IN MECHANICS
LEIN LAW

Measure Passed By Last Legislature

In following out the provisions of the new mechanics' lien law, which becomes effective June 30, lien claimants will find that the Legislature made some marked changes to the existing law. As to the original contractor there has been very little change; he still will be allowed sixty days after the completion of his contract in which to file his claim of lien, says the Builder and Contractor. Every person save the original contractor, claiming the benefit of the law, must, within thirty days after he has ceased to labor or has ceased to furnish materials, or both; or, at his option, within thirty days after the completion of the original contract, if any, under which he has employed, file for record with the county recorder of the county in which such property is situated, a claim of lien containing a statement of his demand after deducting all just credits and offsets, with the name of the owner or reputed owner, if known, also the name of the person by whom he was employed or to whom he furnished the materials, with a statement of the price, if any, agreed upon for the same, and when payable, and of the work agreed to be done and when the same was to be done, if agreed upon, and also a description of the property to be charged with the lien sufficient for identification, which claim must be verified by the oath of himself or some other person.

The owner may, within ten days after the completion of any contract, or within forty days after cessation of labor thereon, file for record in the office of the county recorder a notice setting forth the date when the same was completed or on which cessation from labor occurred, together with his name and the nature of his title and a description of the property sufficient for identification, which notice shall be verified by himself or some other person in his behalf. In case such notice be not so filed, then the owner and all persons derailing title from or claiming any interest through him, shall be estopped in any proceedings for the foreclosure of any lien provided for under the law, from maintaining any defense therein based on the ground that said lien was not filed within the time provided by law; provided, that all claims of lien must be filed within ninety days after the completion of any building, improvement or structure or the alteration, addition or repair thereto.

The changes made are decidedly for the benefit of the lien claimant, as it particularly simplifies the preparation of his notice of lien. Under the old law it was required to state in the notice of lien the terms, time given and conditions of this contract. This has been eliminated under the new law. Frequently lien claimants were unable to state the terms, time given and conditions of the contract with accuracy and the result would be a variance between the statement and the proof and which, if material, would be effectual in destroying their lien and render it void and of no effect. In this particular the new law has many advantages as to the time of filing the claim, for under the old law it was required to be filed after the completion of the building or after abandonment, as the case may have been, and as to these questions of fact the lien claimant was often confused being unable to determine just when the building was completed or when abandonment occurred, and if he failed to accurately determine these questions the result was often fatal to the lien claimant.

Under the proposed law it will be observed that he has an option of filing it within thirty days after he has ceased to labor or has ceased to furnish materials or both, or within thirty days after the completion of the original contract under which he was employed, or within thirty days after the filing of the notice of completion by the owner; so there is no reason why any lien claimant shall fail to claim his rights in time, and if he does it must be by reason of his own neglect and laches for which there can be no reasonable excuse.

BIG FORESTS

Not to Be Guarded By U. S. Troops

WASHINGTON—Special. Secretary of War Stimson has declined to comply with the resolution adopted by the California Legislature requesting that detachments from the regular army be stationed in the forest reserves of California during July, August and September to assist in preventing and to fight forest fires.

The resolution was presented by Congressman Raker. Secretary Stimson said that if troops were stationed in the forest reserves of California, similar request would probably come from other States and that too many men would be required for the work during the time usually devoted to practical training of the army.

Use of troops in emergencies is ap-

proved, but regular detachments would mean that the period of the year now devoted to practical training would be lost "and that the end for which the Government maintains the regular army—to have at hand a highly trained and disciplined military force to meet the needs of the nation in time of war—would be defeated," says the secretary.

IS TRAINED FOR POLITICAL LIFE

In an interesting interview with Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey in the May issue of the World's Work Mr. William Maynard Hale quotes the governor as follows:

"How did I happen to enter political life? Why, I suppose I was born a political animal. Always, from the first recollections of my youth up, I have aimed at political life. The reason I studied law was, I suppose, because in the south when I was a boy the law furnished the shortest path to public life. I gave it up because I found I couldn't be an honest lawyer and a politician; at least I didn't know how then to do it. So as the next best thing to living in public life I tried to satisfy my mind by studying it. I took a new start and went back to school, John Hopkins, where I tried to learn something about the facts—the facts, mind you, of government. From the start my interest has been in things as they are rather than in a theoretical analysis of them. In my thesis I studied the American congress as it is in fact, an organization of committees, somewhat as Bagehot had studied the English constitution as it was and as it actually worked rather than as its theory fictitiously made it. So, you see, I was always a practical politician."

"So that your occupancy of this comfortable swivel chair is really a fulfillment of your original youthful ambition?"

"Not of that so much as the fulfillment of my whole life, I suppose. When they came to me and said, 'You have been talking public questions and urging your young men to go out and take their part in politics; now it's time for you to take your own turn,' what could I say except: 'I'm glad of the chance. If the people want me to I will.'"

"Besides, to speak the truth, I was only asked to do in a bigger field what I had been doing in Princeton for ten years. I have been fighting privilege at Princeton, just as I am fighting it here now, only there I had to fight in the dark. My most trusted friends told me I mustn't drag the fight out into the light before the big jury, and so I didn't. Here I can fight the same fight before the eyes of all men. It's fun to be out in the air and the sunlight."

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CITY

Is New York to surpass London in population? Is she to accomplish the feat in less than twenty years? There are statisticians who figure this out. They live in New York.

The 1911 English census shows that the population of London is 7,252,963, an increase of 10.20 per cent. in ten years. In the previous ten years ending in 1900 the percentage of increase was 12.7. The population of New York is 4,766,885. This is 65.72 per cent. of London's population. New York's rate of increase from 1900 to 1910 was 38.7 per cent. While New York in ten years added 1,329,683 to its population, London added about 750,000. If this relative growth were maintained by both cities New York would pass London in about twenty-five years. However, the prophetic statisticians give to New York in 1930 a population 9,800,000. This is done by taking into account the progressive rate of increase or the gain in rate which each successive decade shows on its immediate predecessor. Computing on the same basis and making the loss in rate for each successive decade a factor, London will fall behind New York in population in about nineteen years.

Emigration is drawing from England and immigration is adding to the United States. This is counted on by the statisticians who prophesy early supremacy over London for New York.

But the prophecy is, and all such prophecies must be, mere guesswork. Human wisdom cannot pierce the veil of the future. In all earthly likelihood, however, the time cannot be very far off when New York will be the largest city in the world. But Chicago statisticians have made calculations which satisfy them that if New York attains this glory she cannot hold it long. Chicago statisticians are convinced that manifest destiny is working on behalf of Chicago, and that before the end of the present century the largest city in the world will be the county seat of Cook county, Illinois.

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JAPAN HAS FIVE

Kinds of Wives—Only One Desirable

"When it comes to the wife question the Japanese have their own standard, just as the Americans have theirs. Without the least intention of attempting to decide which of these is generally best, it may still be of some slight interest to our American readers to learn just what the Japanese idea as to the wifely qualities are. Kaisaki Matsumura, widely known in Japan as an essayist, presents the Japanese view very clearly in a recent issue of one of the Tokio magazines," says the "Oriental Review."

"He says that a wife comes within one of the following five classes: (1) the stupid wife, (2) the foolish wife, (3) the unruly wife, (4) the sagacious wife, and (5) the good wife. By a stupid wife he explains that he means one neither slovenly, shrewish nor mean.

"She is a stupid woman by birth. She does not know that when there is a visitor she ought, in accordance with Japanese etiquette, to serve tea and cakes quickly, nor at mealtime to invite the visitor to partake of food. She is never punctual and will keep her friends waiting at her door while she is leisurely putting more paint on her face. These are her salient features.

The Foolish Wife

"A foolish wife is one who is uselessly secretive and talkative by turns. If you think her good-natured, you are mistaken. At times she will be taxing her feeble mind with some sly thoughts. She cannot be taught. She cannot remember. She may rouse herself, but for no longer a period than two or three days. Such a wife seems to have been too silly for even such philosophers as Buddha, Confucius and Socrates. Buddha said that women were full of sin. Confucius said that he could not teach women or petty men. Socrates found material for meditation in the fact that his wife made a practice of throwing a bucket of water over him occasionally. Christ did not marry, and therefore was free from any such unpleasant experience. He is the only sage who speaks well of woman.

"An unruly wife is neither stupid nor foolish. She may be educated, intelligent and generally capable. She may be popular with her visitors and neighbors, but she is capricious, wayward and moody. She gives with the utmost freedom to one she likes, and yet grudges even to move a finger for one she dislikes. She can be a saint or a fury at a moment's notice. When she is happy she will babble endlessly. When she is sullen she will not even respond to your call.

"One morning she will rise early and next day she will sleep till noon. She does not mind if by her forwardness she shall place her husband in an awkward or embarrassing position with his friends or relatives. If he frets she frets the more. If he goes to his club she would go to the theatres. If he spends money she will decide to spend some more. Quarrels and a divorce is the old story of such a union.

The Sagacious Wife

"A sagacious wife is neither foolish nor forward. She is shrewd and capable, knows how to manage other people and has her own opinions. She is respected by her friends and admired by people generally. She is methodical in her work and knows what is wanted before she is asked.

"People may say that a man would be of little use in the world save for such a wife, but the truth is that while such a wife is indispensable for an incapable man, she may still prove only an obstruction to a man who is abler and more experienced than she is. Her conceit will make her believe that without her advice her husband can only blunder. She will criticize everything he does, so that from mere spite he may often do things contrary to her advice. Then she will declare, with a toss of her head: 'You may do as you like. I will have nothing to do with this matter. You are so very clever!' Or if she did not say this, she would, at any rate think it. She cannot sympathize; so that she who is merely a sagacious wife must prove unmanageable even to a man of decided ability.

"The ideal wife is the good wife. She is, of course, not stupid, having in reality more wisdom than the sagacious wife, but she makes no attempt to display her cleverness. She may be educated, but she is not the sort that is determined to impress the bystander with her education. She has her own opinions, but is chary of expressing them unless there is a sound reason for doing so.

"She knows that love conquers everything and that only good can result from loving her husband, so that even in matters of which she more or less disapproves she is sympathetic and encouraging. In this respect she is a sort of philosopher, and in such a marriage it is the husband who seeks her advice, because he can be sure of help

and sympathy, no matter whether he accepts her advice or not.

"Such a wife makes even a stupid husband seem wise in the eyes of the world. People will not say that he would be of little account save his wife. No doubt she has great ability, but it is invisibly cloaked beneath her womanly virtues."

A Woman Expert on Cold Storage

A woman is chief of the Food Research Bureau of the Federal Department of Agriculture—Doctor Mary E. Pennington. As a woman, what she has to say on cold storage foods ought to be the final conclusion of ripened judgment.

She was called up before the Senate committee to testify the other day, and she said this in praise of cold storage eggs: That eggs laid in the cool days of spring and properly put away in cold storage are more reliable in summer than those freshly laid in the hot weather and rushed to market in the city from the nest. Considering the temperature in which the eggs are laid and transported and exposed for sale, it may be that she is right.

In regard to chickens, she testified that those dry-picked keep better than those which are scalded, and that undrawn chickens keep better in cold storage than those which are drawn. This runs counter to the popular preference, which is for the earliest possible evisceration. Furthermore she testified that there is nothing in her experience warranting the limitation of cold storage to a period less than twelve months, providing the chickens are put into storage in good condition. But she laid stress upon the latter proviso, remarking that there is a greater change in chickens if they are exposed to a temperature of sixty degrees or over in one day than if they are hard-frozen for twelve months.

The catables as well as the healthfulness of food is to be taken into consideration. It has not been demonstrated that even at the end of sixteen months hard-frozen chickens are less wholesome than when put into storage, but they are decidedly less palatable. The upshot of Doctor Pennington's testimony on this point was that it is more important that a chicken shall be placed in cold storage in good condition than that the period of cold storage shall be limited. Yet the reason for limiting the cold storage period for chickens if after long keeping they deteriorate in taste, for it is important that food shall be palatable. What the consumer eats that he does not relish, if his taste is normal, is hardly likely to do him as much good as what he eats that he does relish.

Doctor Pennington showed a picture of a chicken that had been killed and frozen in Kansas, shipped to Buffalo—an eight-day journey—in a refrigerator car, held frozen in Buffalo for three months, shipped to New York in a refrigerator, and held hard-frozen there for a month or six weeks before being sold. The chicken had been packed in a small box when frozen, and was sold, still frozen, in the same box. And the food expert decided she would be unable to tell the difference between that bird and one freshly killed and delivered to the market.

This was interesting and valuable testimony, but so also was Doctor Pennington's declaration that "low temperature is not to check deterioration that is well started before the chicken is hard frozen."

On the whole, it may be said with perfect fairness that Doctor Pennington did not make a single valid point against the regulation of the cold storage business by legislation.

SHE MUST MAKE GOOD.

"One must make good every minute," is Mrs. John Hays Hammond's breezily expressed motto, and following this motto closely explains Mrs. Hammond's cheerful and masterly manner of assuming the responsibilities of two unusual offices of honor in which she has stepped during the past three months.

Last January, while enjoying the social life of the Russian capital, Mrs. Hammond received a cable from the woman's department of the National Civic Federation asking her to accept the national chairmanship of this body of rich and influential women who are working for the betterment of conditions for industrial and government employees.

And now, as wife of the special ambassador recently appointed by President Taft to represent this country at the coronation ceremonies in June of King George and Queen Mary, Mrs. Hammond goes abroad with full and cheerful appreciation of the honor conferred, assumed its responsibilities, with an intimate knowledge of its detailed requirements. Mrs. Hammond has attended the drawing-rooms of Queen Victoria, and she and Mr. Hammond had been among the special invited guests of King Edward VII at the time of his coronation.

Having lived in the gold mines of the Transvaal, where Mr. Hammond won fame and fortune as an expert mining engineer, and having lived in the heart of the great gold and silver mines of Mexico and California, Mrs. Hammond is familiar with the lives of the women whose husbands work with the pick and shovel, and also familiar with the needs of the working man himself.—From "Notes and Pictures" in the June Metropolitan Magazine.

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TROPICO, CAL., JUNE 8, 1911

Seventy-two marriage ceremonies in one day, and not a cold day at that is the record of a Chicago Justice, on Saturday last. Beats auto speeding cases all hollow.

The first land battle of the Civil war was fought at Phillipi, W. Va., fifty years ago (June 3) last Saturday, resulting in the rout of the confederates. The semi-centennial anniversary of the event was celebrated on the ground by representatives of both armies.

The claim of certain public service corporations to a constitutional clench on the job of furnishing the inhabitants of Los Angeles with electricity for light, heat and power to the exclusion of the city, has been completely upset by the Supreme Court of California. Judge Shaw delivered the opinion of the court, and decisively sustains city ownership of public utilities.

CITY WATER AND SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

It would appear from a statement in Saturday's Los Angeles Herald, that San Fernando ranchers are in a state of consternation over the council's resolution to treat its river and aqueduct water as a joint source of revenue. That is not the fact.

Los Angeles is apparently preparing to take possession of all the water of Los Angeles river, and, in the exercise of its rights of ownership, under the decisions of the courts, to fix rates for the use of such water to consumers outside, as well as inside the city limits. The plea in justification will be, not that the city needs the water, but that the city needs the revenue from it, which is surely sufficient to serve the purpose.

A reduction of rates or charges in favor of the user of water who pumps it at his own expense would seem a reasonable expectation, but what the extent of it should be is difficult to compute, probably to little more than nominal charges. At all events there is no necessity for uneasiness over the matter among San Fernando ranchers, or any one else. Los Angeles has maintained her paramount right to the water of Los Angeles river in the courts, but its officers have at all times heretofore exercised that right with a reasonable regard for conditions and situations. They recognize the fact to be that under a mistaken view of the law of riparian rights many ranchers made heavy investments in pumping plants and are innocent holders of supposed property and property rights in water that are morally, if not legally just, and consequently have shown no disposition to

enforce the city's rights against them in a manner to inflict oppression and hardship. No doubt it is a matter that will adjust itself in time. The people of the San Fernando valley are beginning to feel differently towards Los Angeles already. The idea of the city's being enriched and made to flourish at their expense, no longer prevails. That the city is burdening itself with a load of debt and taxation for the good of the San Fernando valley in common with all contiguous territory, is gratefully acknowledged and appreciated by all; and when the time comes for the apportionment of liabilities, we feel we are assured in promising for all the people of the great valley, a cheerful acceptance of the liabilities apportioned to them to carry.

"Owens river water is to be supplemental to and not a substitute for Los Angeles river water." With every foot of territory, town and city from the foot of the Sierras on the north to the San Gabriel and the sea on the south and west, under the river and aqueduct there will be no water to spare. What is most important, however, is that its blessings will far outweigh its burdens.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S CLOSING SCENES

LETTER FROM REV. C. B. HATCH HOMEWARD BOUND.

Atlantic City, N. J., 5-27-11.
Dear Sentinel:—Your correspondent arrived at Atlantic City on time Thursday morning, May 18th. Proceeding directly to the great steel pier, on the outer end of which the assembly hall stands, he found himself in a multitude that seemed almost too much for the crowded structure in which the sessions were to be held. And still they come! At 11 o'clock, when the moderator's gavel fell, there were estimated to be in the great auditorium at least three thousand people. The roar of Atlantic breakers directly beneath, not entirely subdued by the sound-proof floors, gave a solemnity to the otherwise perfect stillness as the voice of the venerable officer called the assembly to attention. Only those who have heard Dr. Charles Little can understand how profoundly he impresses his hearers, and no man of the thousands who heard him last Thursday morning can forget the power of his argument, or the pathos of his appeal. The completion of the assembly's roll revealed the number of delegates in attendance to be eight hundred and fifty-one.

These men are from all parts of the world—Christian, Pagan and Catholic. It is said by those in position to know, that there has never before been a General Assembly so representative as this one hundred and seventy-third. It is believed also, that the great Presbyterian gathering just this morning dissolved, has been characterized by a broader vision of evangelism, a more definite Christian ideal and a far more persuasive spirit of consecration to the work of Christianizing our own and other lands than has been present in other Assemblies.

I wish it were possible to report some of the magnificent addresses made by natives of foreign countries, and men from parts of our own that are hardly less benighted than "dark Africa."

To hear a full-blooded Choctaw Indian, son of a famous old chief, whose savage leadership made that tribe a terror to white men, speaking the English language with hardly less elegance than a Stevenson or a Strong, declaring his convictions and appealing to the Christians of America for help to win the Indians to the religion of the white man, must have moved a heart of stone. There were Africans direct from the land of jungles; there were men from the Philippines; there were men from the ice fields of Alaska; there were young students from schools established in our southern states for the education of the blacks. One of the notable features of the sessions was the singing of a quintette of colored young men. I have not heard richer voices, nor sweeter harmony, from singers of their race for many years.

Last evening the great hall was

crowded to suffocation by men and women eager to hear the famous citizen—one of the few great citizens of this country whose personality is greater than any official dignity—William Jennings Bryan.

The feeling of that vast audience may be understood when it is stated that the appearance of the distinguished gentleman was signalized by an outburst of hand clapping such as one does not often hear. The audience was singing a rousing Christian song; but when Mr. Bryan stepped from a side room to the platform the singing and clapping of hands were singularly conjoined.

The great Democrat had been invited to speak on the subject of Temperance. For two hours he commanded the closest attention of his audience. It is not surprising that the fervor of his oratory rose to an overwhelming degree. He had an inspiring assemblage, and every individual of it in perfect sympathy with his cause, his argument and himself. It may be possible to attempt a review, or synopsis of this remarkable address, such as was recently given in the Presbyterian church at Tropic.

The closing of the Assembly this morning will never be forgotten by the delegates who had remained to attend it. A report by the Committee on Necrology indicated that one hundred and sixty ministers of the Presbyterian Church has gone to be crowned during the past year. At the suggestion of the Moderator the Assembly stood with bowed heads while the list of names was read—some of them I recognized and among them Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D. D., under whose pastorate I gave my life decision.

The Assembly of 1911 is over. In the formal term of the Moderator's announcement, it is "dissolved." The delegates are homeward bound to all quarters of the world. One of them turns, with the greatest joy, to the far West, and hopes soon to arrive at his loved home town of Tropic.

C. B. H.

ELDER ESHELMAN TREATED TO THUNDER STORMS

Kansas, May 31, 1911.
Editor Sentinel:—At this writing am near Ottawa, Kans. Visited Topeka, Wichita and Conway Springs, Kansas. At latter place, just an hour after my arrival, a thunder storm came from the southwest and a bolt of lightning struck a farmer, George Crewel, while on way home in a wagon from his field, killing him and throwing him out of his wagon. The team went leisurely on home. Mr. Crewel's brother was killed in a similar manner two years ago.

The country needed the two and one-half inches of rain—the first good shower since February. Oats quite short; wheat and corn good; fruit plentiful.

Last night I was again treated to a thunder storm, so I begin to enjoy them. Topeka is improving and Wichita has the fever of "boosting," and it is showing good results in its nine and ten-story business buildings.

M. M. ESHELMAN.

SOCIAL NOTES

The Thursday afternoon club of Tropic, were entertained by Mrs. A. P. Stone and Mrs. E. W. Richardson at the latter's home on June 1st. There were three interesting reports given by Mrs. A. O. Conrad, Mrs. McLain, and Mrs. E. F. Tholen on the State Federation conventions held at Long Beach. After the business of the afternoon the meeting adjourned and the members indulged in a game of "Seek and Find." After that dainty refreshments were served. The home was decorated with ferns and flowers in the club colors. The guests were: Mesdames Fry and G. W. Bancroft. The annual business meeting of the club will be held June 15, at the home of the president, Mrs. Charles Barker, 1415 Glendale avenue. As a prelude to the meeting, luncheon will be served.

On June 3rd, the babies whose parents have interests on the Richardson subdivision were invited to bring their mammas to help celebrate the birthday of Mrs. E. W. Richardson at her home on Central avenue. The Misses Alice Walker and Eulalia Richardson acted as nurse girls to the following infants: Misses Doris Cook, Margaret Kroeger, Genevieve Frances Lynch, Ethel Dons Story, Gertrude Burch, Masters Dalphin Paine, Robert Grant, Burt Junior Richardson, and Chester Douglas Bennett.

Mrs. C. A. Bancroft entertained with an informal dance last evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Stuart M. Street; Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Richardson; Mr. and Mrs. Morris M. Cook; Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Bancroft, Mrs. Walker, the Misses Richards, and Messrs. Roy Bancroft and Worth Bancroft.

List your "For Sale" and "For Rent" property at the Sentinel Office Real Estate Agency and reap good results.

KING FLANDERS

MARRIED, June 7, Miss Flossie Doris Flanders, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Flanders of this place, to Warran T. King of Los Angeles. The ceremony took place at the Methodist Church on Palmer avenue, at 8:30 in the evening. Rev. W. C. Botken, pastor of the church officiating. Miss Vance presided at the organ, and as the high contracting parties marched down the aisle and approached the sacred altar, they did so to her rendition of Mendelssohn's majestic wedding march.

The church and altar were elaborately decorated for the occasion. The bride's sister, Miss May Flanders, was maid of honor, and for best man the groom had the bride's brother, Mr. Lee Flanders. The event was a delightfully charming one.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the young couple received the congratulations of their numerous friends, at the home of the bride's parents on Brand boulevard. Lone Pine, under the shadow of Mt. Whitew, in Inyo county, is the chosen resort of their honeymoon. Later they will be "at home" at 2733 Fairview avenue, Los Angeles. The Sentinel's choicest felicitations attend them.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Tropic Presbyterian Sunday school will observe Children's Day at the church Sunday, June 11, beginning at 10:30. Following is the program: Song, "All Hail! Our Festal Day," School; Prayer; Scripture Reading; Song, "God is Love," School; Baptism of Infants; Song, "Children's Day," School; Recitation, "We're Glad to See You," Dovan; Song, "Shine," Beginner's Class; Recitation, "So Many Birds," Ruby Stone; Recitation, "Rob in Red Breast," Robt. Goff; Recitation, "A Happy Song," Margaret Richards; Recitation, "The Beautiful World, Home," Second Primary; Song, "Clovers are Wedding," Beginners; Roll-call, Cradle Roll Members; Song, "The Call of the Children," School; Recitation, "The Little Missionary," two girls; Recitation and Song, "The Good Old Sun," Miss Snell's Class; Pastor, Rev. C. B. Hatch; Exercise and Song, "Wreath of Flowers," Mr. A. Class; Violin Solo, Selected, Mr. Garder; Recitation, "Attention All," Four Boys; Song, "The Children's Prayer," School.

GLENDALE HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

This week everyone is busy selling tickets for the concert that is to be given Friday evening, June 9th. This concert will be given by the music department of the high school, assisted by Mr. Julius Kranz, violinist; Miss Francesca Myrtle Ouellett, harpist; and by Mr. Arthur T. Merrill, tenor.

The money taken in will be used to buy a few pictures of the famous musicians for our auditorium, and to start a fund to buy a Victor. The program will be as follows:

Program
PART I.
a. "The Flower of Liberty," Neidlinger
b. "June"Schnecker
Mixed Chorus
a. Spring's Awakening".....Bach
b. Ballet Music from "Faust," Gounod
Mandolin Club
a. "To Watch O'er Thee".....Pinsuti
b. "Hannah"Osgood
Boys' Glee Club
Overture to "Martha".....Flegler
.....Miss Myrtle Francesca Ouellett
"The Horn".....Flegler
Mr. Arthur T. Merrill
"Canzonetta".....d'Ambrosio
Julius Kranz
Intermission.

PART II.
a. "Humoresque"Dvorak
b. Serenade"Pierre
Orchestra
"A Perfect Day".....Carrie Jacobs Bond
Viola Yorba
"Impromptu"Oberthun
Miss Myrtle Francesca Ouellett
a. "The Captive Rose," Gertrude Knox
b. "Song of the Crocus".....Frantz
Girls' Glee Club
a. "Slumber Song".....Ries
b. "Norwegian Dance".....Grieg
String Trio
"On The Road to Mandalay".....Oley Speaks
Mr. Arthur T. Merrill
a. "Reverie"Thomas
b. "Spanish Dance"Verball
Miss Myrtle Francesca Ouellette

SWIPING THE LIGHTNING

Frank J. McGregor, Jr., whose residence is 928 Damasco court, city of Tropic, was brought before Recorder Shuey on Tuesday last to answer charges preferred by the electric light company, of feloniously and maliciously interfering with the electric current with which his house is lighted, by severing the connection with the meter and running the current around the meter. He was held to appear and plead on his own recognizance, on Tuesday, June 13th, at 10 a.m., to which time the case was continued. The penalty for this offence is a fine of not exceeding \$500 or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months, or both.

THE SPEED LAW AND THE RULE OF REASON.

We are finally to have the application of the "rule of reason" in the administration of the speed law—presuming, that is, upon the willingness of our courts and juries to respect a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts to the effect, as the report has it, that motorists in that state may drive at any speed that is reasonable and proper—in other words, that no arbitrary speed limit exists. Everything depends, the court holds, on the ability to convince a jury or a court that the speed was "reasonable and proper," reference being had to the conditions of road, traffic, etc. This is the common sense view of the matter, and the time will come when it will be generally accepted.

Arbitrary speed limits were wrong from the beginning, but law makers and opponents of the motor vehicle could never rid themselves of the idea that if they were done away with motorists would run amuck and defy the law. It availed naught to point out an arbitrary limit is just as wrong on congested Fifth avenue, New York, as it is on lonely parkways or suburban roads that are almost devoid of traffic. The "reasonable and proper" rule, on the contrary, meets all difficulties and overcomes all objections. It is extremely gratifying to find one state coming around to it.—Los Angeles Herald.

NEW HOMES BUILDING

Eulalia street is now the scene of a vigorous building boom. Three fine dwellings are in course of construction—one on the south street and two on the north.

The one on the south, a \$2500 chalet is for Mr. Frank M. Newell, a young man in business in Los Angeles, with the Union Oil Company. Mr. Newell believes in having his cage ready before he captures his bird.

The one directly opposite, one the north, also a \$2500 chalet, is for Mr. J. S. Spence, of Los Angeles, connected in an official capacity with the Y. M. C. A. of that city. Mr. Spence is also a young man and is of like opinion with Mr. Newell: That the proper thing to do, before one takes a bride is to have a handsome home to take her to.

The third, on the north and next to Mr. Burt Richardson's, is a \$3000 residence for Mr. Frank McKenney, of the double stores (furniture and hardware) on the San Fernando road.

Patrons of the Sentinel will please take notice that, for convenience sake, we have changed our day of publication from Saturday to Thursday.

Subscribe for the Inter-Urban Sentinel, \$1.50 per year.

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